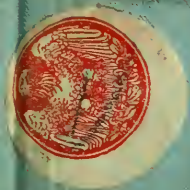


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BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

BY

CARRIE V. SCHUELLERMANN.

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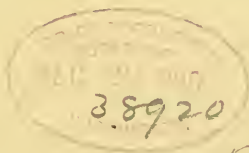
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS

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CARRIE V. SCHUELLERMANN.



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TO
MY MOTHER
I LOVINGLY DEDICATE THE FIRST EFFORTS
OF MY PEN,
BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

PREFACE.

IN preparing these poems for publication in book form, I venture to offer some explanation regarding their issue.

They are but the buds and blossoms of my girlhood, and I well know their power of expression is limited.

They were written as life and nature appeared through my rosy glasses, and I sincerely trust they may shed their fragrance in other young hearts, and the buds may unfold their timid young petals into fair and purer flowers.

C. V. S.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PEACE	9
A DREAM	11
REGRET	13
"WHY?"	15
AMIE	18
NAMING THE BABY	20
WHAT IS LOVE?	22
MAN	24
LIFE'S HOURS	26
SUPREME MOMENT	29
THE BATTLE OF LIFE	31
A WOMAN'S HEART	33
A SINGLE WORD	35
A STORY	38
THE WIFE	40
LOVE	43
LARRY DARRY'S SON	45
A PROPOSAL	50

	PAGE
JEAN'S WOOING	52
YOU AND I	54
EXILE	57
A SAD MISTAKE	59
AFTER THE BALL	61
A VISION	62
THE WORLD'S FAIR	64
DRIFTING	66
THE STARS	68
IN MEMORIAM	71
KISSES	73

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS.

PEACE.

PEACE to the world is a stranger;
She, so gentle, pure, and white,
With a tender smile, could ease many a trial,
And turn all darkness to light.

Hearts that are heavily burdened
She could soothe with loving care,
If she would look in eyes that are dim,
And open them to something fair.

She travels the world o'er and o'er,
And shades us day and night
With a tender wing; oft this stainless thing
For awhile makes our lives so bright.

She would be blended in our lives;
But with her a form, so dark and weird,
Never leaves her side; by him she abides;
She who is sought, he who is feared.

Peace will come, but not alone.
We will find her, yes! with another,
In his fond enfold, like a suitor bold:
It is *Death* who to *Peace* plays the lover.

A DREAM.

TO C. E. L.

It happened last night, ah, yes!

You wrapped me close in your arms,
And for once you seemed to love me.

Ah, heavens! how I felt its charms!

You drew me closer and closer,

Until my head rested on your breast,
And it seemed I had found at last

A haven of sweetest, eternal rest.

You whispered the words so softly;

They thrilled me through and through.
Have others been so happy
In this bliss so old, yet so new?

It has been the prayer of my life;
I have striven so hard for your love,
And now—you have given it to me,
My prayer has been heard above.

The sunlight is coming through my window,
Yet how dark and cloudy it seems!
All the brightness of life has left me;
You loved me,—yes,—but only in dreams.

REGRET.

WHY stand on the grave of your errors,
My youth, so pale and still?
Has life for you so many terrors
That you linger there against your will?

Turn, oh, turn! from dead December;
You have stood by the mound too long;
Yonder the sun is shining, remember,
O'er your thorny path of wrong.

Leave that gloomy, flowerless sod
And a *new life* begin rebuilding.
Take for an architect—your God;
Not Satan, with his plaster and gilding.

Your mark in the heaven is shining;
Come, turn your face to the blast.
Your cloud is showing its lining,
And dimming forever the past.

Spend not your time in regretting
O'er the past, so dim and sad.
Away, from the grave forgetting,
And again be joyful and glad.

“WHY?”

YOUNG Rudolph, now a child quite fair,
Is building his blocks high in the air.
Ah, they come tumbling down with a crash!
His pretty air-castles, gone like a flash,
Bring the tears in the lovely azure eyes,
And the question from the rosy lips, “Why?”

Six years have passed, and now in school
Naughty Rudolph wears the cap of the fool.
Cruel punishment, my boy; it must be done;
Your hardship days have just begun.
He struck you! well, it will do you good to cry.
And the sobbing child asks me pitifully, “Why?”

What! is this Rudolph, eighteen years of age to-day?
Your mother turns from you with the word “Nay.”

You are reeling foolishly ; yes, yes, cursed wine !
It will ruin you, my boy, body and mind.
For mother's sake of this viper keep shy.
With a reckless laugh he again asks, " Why ? "

His eyes are flashing at the rolling of the balls.
What is it ? billiards, pool, only boys' spoils !
Now you have cards, a game of poker—a flush—
You have lost all ? Stop such language ! it makes
me blush.

You are a poor man now, men so cheat and lie.
And the poor boy murmurs, " Why ? oh ! why ? "

You speak of one, Rudolph, " so wondrous fair ; "
You have " kissed her lips, caressed her hair. "
She " promised to be yours " one night in a waltz.
Let women alone, my boy, they are all false.
You are pale ; what is it ? why do you sigh ?
You have lost her ? false woman—ah !, why ?

He is off now to battle with a heavy heart,
Weary and sad, from the dear ones must part.

Blessings go with you, and a mother's prayer,—
May God watch over you, Rudolph, with care.
They hold him close and sob and cry.
He must leave them, yes, yes! but—why?

Second day—a bullet pierced him; he is dead.
He was the first for us his life's blood to shed.
He lies there so cold, still, and white;
All now is over in life's battle and fight.
Young, so young, for a home in the sky,
Why was he taken? Rudolph, my boy, why?

AMIE.

You ask why I love you, dearie,—

You who do my heart lure.

Why does the dew love the lily?

Because she is innocent and pure.

Why do the moonbeams love the billows,

Swelling so beautiful and blue?

Because when the moonbeams seek them

They find them constant and true.

There is always a star in the skies

That shines brighter than the rest;

So with your burnished, girlish head

That lies so oft on my happy breast.

The rose is the queen among flowers,
Blushing red, with a soul of pure white:
You are the queen among women;
Without you my life would be night.

You know how a tiny spark, Amie,
Turns so often into a burning flame;
You know when we see the violets of spring,
The sweetness of others is not the same.

Now do you know why I love you, dearie?
You are answered, I can see in your face;
Your dark eyes tell me the same story.
Ah, Amie! come to your lover's embrace.

NAMING THE BABY.

A TINY bundle, dainty and fair,
Lay in the fond mother's arms.
I breathed a fervent, sincere prayer
For this little being of earthly charms.

But the baby must have a name
To take through the path of life;
Will it be a path of grief and pain
And a heavy, weary, bitter strife?

Would the rose be just as bright
If it had another name?
Would baby's soul be just as white
If we named her again and again?

The mother would name her "Adele,"

The father thought of "Grace,"

Another said the name of "Belle"

Would suit her pretty, tender face.

An old man then hobbled into the room,

With hair as white as snow.

Life for him had but its gloom;

He soon would pass from sorrow and woe.

The silver head bent o'er the one of gold,

And the dim eyes filled with tears.

He thought of his life's weary tale, untold

Through well-near eighty years.

"What would you name the baby, Uncle Ned,—

A name that would suit the tiny dove?"

The pale lips quivered as their owner said,

"Name her Health, Happiness, and Love."

WHAT IS LOVE?

TELL me what love is?
Ah! a delusion,
Wrapped in illusion,
Just fresh from school,
Graduating dress of tulle

Tell me what love is?
Ah! a delusion,
Wrapped in confusion.
A blush and a kiss;
What rapturous bliss!

Tell me what love is?
Again a delusion,
Come to a conclusion
No longer to tarry.
The word is "marry."

Tell me what love is?
No longer a delusion,
With girlish effusion,
But a loving, happy wife
To pass with through life.

MAN.

I AM in a hurry to-night,
So do not stop me, Jack;
What think you of this suit,
Also of this new cravat?

I would sell my soul
For that woman so divine;
I tell you, Jack, I love her,
And long to call her mine.

No, I cannot stop for oysters,
Or even a drink to-night;
I feel so sad and disheartened
When she is from my sight.

ONE YEAR LATER.

Congratulate me, old fellow ;
Proposed and accepted.
Advice asked, counsel given,
Ma and pa both consented.

I have won her, and in a year
I will be tied down to a wife ;
Must give up wine, cigarettes,
Club,—in fact, alter my life.

Well, I must be going ;
She will be waiting, you see ;
And, poor, dear little girl,
She is so awfully *fond* of me.

LIFE'S HOURS.

LIFE'S hours are fast fleeting,
Hurrying us to our fate;
Hours of shame, hours of pain,
To be unveiled at God's gate.

When the happy sun is shining,
And life seems bright and fair,
Hours of fear again appear,
Mingled with the blackest despair.

When the quiet evenings fall,
And the sun has gone to rest,
Hours of sorrow, hours of horror,
Make the heart weary in our breast.

The moonlight's silvery beams,
That shine so pure and white,
Cannot dim the hour of sin
That lingers ever in our sight.

Of sad darkness and clouds
We all have our share;
Of sunshine, of spiced wine,
We have little to spare.

Life's hours are all shadowed
By the many deeds we do;
Ever in our mind vividly they shine,
Like stars in the heaven's blue.

In the twilight hour of rest,
When God to His own will near,
Will it be bright or black as night,
Or will it be an hour of cheer?

That hour that is drawing close,—
One of peaceful, happy rest;
No pain to endure, stainless and pure,
Asleep on our Saviour's breast.

SUPREME MOMENT.

WHICH was the happiest hour

I spent to-night at the ball?

Can you tell me, little flower?

You on my heart saw all.

I danced lancers, waltzes, and quadrille,

With Jack's arm around my waist.

He whispered my name so low, "Sibyl,"

As he looked tenderly in my face.

We were in the conservatory together,

Oh! just for a moment or two,

To tell him "I would love him ever,

And always be fond and true."

When we returned from the ball,
 Jack reached up and put out the light;
The supreme moment was in the hall
 When we bid one another "good-night."

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

TO GEORGE WAKEFIELD, JR., OF GERMANTOWN.

You have much to conquer, my boy,
To do what you know is right;
When you fall in the path of temptation,
You have a hard battle to fight.
Stand firm to your glorious manhood,
Hold high your honoring shield;
Strive hard against self and comrades,
And fall—rather than yield.

Sin, in her false, gilded beauty,
Will stand in her battle array.
Take her not to your young bosom,
But cast her away! away!

She will sting and poison your bosom,
If you warm and shelter her there;
Turn from her, and show your comrades
You can shun her dangerous glare.

Often, through life's battle,
Press your lips to the root of right;
Wrong may bear more blossoms,
But they wither in a pure light.
Fight your battle daily, bravely,
Tire not of the beating of the drum.
Your gain will be a glorious victory;
Falter not,—it will surely come.

A WOMAN'S HEART.

THE plant of Love,
 Bearing blossoms white ;
Brilliant-hued, glowing Hope,
 Transparent and bright ;

Sweet-perfumed Faith,
 Who always seeks the sun,
And kisses the roots of Pain
 Gently, firmly, one by one ;

Shame, blooming in the shade,
 And Honor, who loves the light ;
Many seeds of Patience sown,
 And a deep-planted root of Right ;

Tenderness and Self-respect,—
Little seeds of Fears,—
All are moistened and watered
With a woman's tears.

A garden almost sacred,
Yet in it nettles that smart,—
Sometimes shady, sometimes sunny,—
That is "a woman's heart."

A SINGLE WORD.

WITHOUT a single word I let you go.

Nay, was I so much to blame?

My heart was afire with a burning glow;

Your words fanned it into a flame.

If I could have painted all I felt,—

Ah, me! I was a woman weak,—

I would have at your feet knelt

And spoke the words I long to speak.

I weary now for the long ago.

If I had spoken one word then,

Would you have kissed me with eyes aglow

And pressed me to your heart again?

From jest and careless mirth
I turn. Oh, love! why did you flee?
Do you know how void of worth
Your absence makes this life for me?

Tell me, was it—yes, yes!—pride
That sealed my lips that starry night,
And cruelly cast me from thy side,
Away forever from thy sight?

I loved you so, as on your breast
You gently caressed my happy face;
For I in Paradise was blessed,—
Enfolded, enraptured in fond embrace.

That night I can ne'er forget,
With its love, wounded pride, and pain.
Have you, dear, any regret,
Or am I only and wholly to blame?

If you were here, that single word
I would whisper softly in your ear;
Ah, yes! my voice should be heard
Without a falter, firm and clear.

A STORY.

ONLY a bundle of letters,
Tied with a ribbon blue ;
A bunch of faded flowers
That once sparkled with dew.

A picture of a man's face,
Blotted and stained with tears ;
The tarnished gold of a ring,
Old with its weight of years.

A few bars of music
Roots up the past again,
And a silent figure weeps
O'er the sad, sweet strain.

Only a woman's heart broken,
 She alone the pain to bear ;
Only a woman praying
 Her yearning, pleading prayer.

THE WIFE.

MEN honored you, women smiled;
The applauds were loud and wild.
You stood there, the king of men—
I was so proud of you then.

My glowing expectants were framed:
Honor and a name you had gained.
I felt as if intoxicated with wine—
Your fame, love, was mine.

At the banquet that night
You still reigned the shining light.
Your face was firm and proud,
As you were surrounded by the crowd.

Forgive me, love, but for a moment then
I almost envied those able men ;
Your thoughts and theirs were the same ;
And I stood alone, with a new-born pain.

It was not jealousy, no ! no, dear !
But a feeling of neglect and fear.
I longed to have your hand in mine ;
Your eyes into my soul again shine.

My heart was filled with a justice pride,
But I longed to have you by my side.
Within that crowd, so large and dense,
The feeling of loneliness was intense.

You came to me when all was o'er,
And kissed my lips as of yore.
“ You were tired,” you said, “ and needed rest,”
And laid your head on my happy breast.

You seemed to me like a weary child,
So kind, loving, tender, and mild.
Your heart from the world was free;
You thought of naught but me.

I love your honor, gain, and fame,
And greatest of all orators' name.
Forgive me, dear, but I love you best
When alone, together, your head on my breast.

LOVE.

I MET Love in my narrow path,
As I journeyed on alone;
I stopped to smile on the tender child,
His eyes sparkled and shone.

We played together, he and I,
On Fancy's radiant pathway.
We stood apart; I threw my heart
To the merry child of play.

He caught it with a gleeful cry,
And folded it close in his embrace;
Then laughed aloud, exalted and proud,
At the blushes on my face.

A tempest and fury aroused,
I trembled in terror and fear.
"Love," I cried, "come to my side!"
My voice he did not hear.

From me he cowardly fled,
Leaving my crushed heart in the lane.
This wilful child, I thought so mild,
I found was a child of pain.

LARRY DARRY'S SON.

HE had the heart of a gentleman, the ways of a
tough,

His honest face was freckled and burned;
To describe his hair, to call it *red* was enough,
And his nose was *decidedly* upturned.

His eyes,—ah, they were honest and blue,
The broad brow was a noble one;
His mouth,—well, it would easily make two,
Yet he was my hero, Larry Darry's son.

His coat was much too large for his body,
While his bony elbows were through;
An old torn hat seemed his hobby,
And his shoes looked far from new.

But under that ragged, threadworn vest,
 Beat a heart in silence and pain,
For Larry Darry lay at rest,
 And his boy stood alone in his shame.

Over at last was the wild career
 That Larry Darry had led;
Forgotten, too, was his son sincere,
 For Larry Darry's sins were red.
The hand that had ended it was his own,
 That hand had taken others too;
So no one wept; why should they moan
 For a man with virtues so few?

His boy stood alone by the sinner's grave;
 Through the heavy fingers trickled tears;
His face was pale, but the heart was brave,
 As he met the people's scorns and jeers.
Men and women turned away
 As he walked slowly, sadly by;
Young people to him had nothing to say,
 And all the children seemed shy.

As the Sabbath-day was breaking
He reached the old church door;
His eyes with weeping were aching,
And his heart was heavy and sore.
A look of scorn o'er the people's faces came,
And their whispers were coarse and loud:
"A child of sin, a child of shame,
Should not in God's house be allowed!"

The young head was bent low in prayer;
And surely God heard that one.
The sincerest, the most fervent, uttered there
Was from the lips of Larry Darry's son.
No kind hand was offered to him,
No welcome, tender eyes met his own;
His heart kept repeating, "A child of sin!"
As he passed out of church slowly and alone.

Up the main street he sadly went his way,
The friendly sunlight caressing his face;
His hat was off and against his breast lay,
As he walked a slow, dreary pace.

“God knew he was innocent of the sins of his sire;”
And his face grew more cheerful and bright,
When suddenly he heard the wild cry of “Fire!”
And people rushed madly left and right.

Up yonder, the church from whence he had come
Was afire, with the congregation caged in.
Their screams were loud; people outside stood dumb,
With frightened faces and eyes growing dim.
“If some one would climb through this space”—
A mere opening—“and unbar the door,”
And the speaker searches every face.
“He would risk his life, but his children were four.”

Then quickly stepping out from the crowd
Was the boy they had despised and jeered;
His pale, young face was firm and proud,
As the crowd loudly shouted and cheered.
With one last look at the people below,
He crawled through that tiny burning space;
The people waited in agony and woe
For his hand to open a saving place.

Suddenly a shout rings out upon the air:

“Saved! saved! The doors are opened, un-
barred!”

The people gain their freedom, offering up a
prayer.

Thank God! they are all unharmed, unscarred.
Such rejoicing! Children clung to mothers

When they found that they were free;
Wives and husbands, sisters and brothers;
But Larry Darry's boy,—where was he?

Did no one think of that brave young form,
The child of sin, the child of shame,
The heart-breaks his young breast had borne,
As across his mangled body they came?
They found him, yes; bleeding and crushed was
his breast,
Where the people in their cruelty and hurry had
tread.

They lifted him tenderly, with reverent caress;
But Larry Darry's boy—was dead.

A PROPOSAL.

IN his dark eyes' splendor
Was reflected his heart.
The tale I read was so tender,
It made me tremble and start.

Yet I waited to hear
His lips tell me the same.
He called me his "sweetheart and dear,"
But never asked me to share his name.

I saw him look in the glass one night
At his own handsome reflection.
I knew then why I was the one to slight;
He received the most attention.

"Paul, do you know on what point we agree?"

I asked, looking in his eyes so true.

"No, I do not," he answered, tenderly.

"We are both in love with—you."

(He proposes.)

JEAN'S WOOING.

STANDING there in thy proud young beauty,

Meta,

With those stray locks caressing thy cheek,

I have striven hard to do my duty,

But have broken its bonds, and from it shrink.

Dost thou think 'twixt those stars and this sea,

With this breathing spring zephyr astir,

I can keep from whispering to thee

Of the words spoken by and to me?

Were they realities? I ask thee, dearest

Meta,

Those tiny, sweet words, so treasured by me;

And the tenderest, were they the sincerest?

Given first so sparingly, then so free.

Here, by the blue surging ocean,
Lay thy hand in mine, dear;
By the glitter of the young star's emotion,
Whisper again the words sincere.

Dost thou love me, fair maiden?—

Meta?

The pale moon is tinting thy hair.
With perfume the air is laden;
The violets at thy throat are breathing their
share.

No need for thy ruby lips to speak
Again those loving, fragrant words;
Thy heart has answered well, methinks,
In brighting thy eye and reddening thy cheek.

YOU AND I.

So happy, you and I,
Walking through the clover;
A dew-drop glows on every rose
And sparkles the grass over.

So happy, you and I,
As beautiful blossoms fan our cheeks;
The daisies nod to the golden-rod,
And the bee sips of the lily's sweets.

So happy, you and I,
Pausing at the old farm stile;
The moonlight in its mantle of white
Stops to kiss the roses wild.

So happy, you and I,
As now the stars dot the skies;
I lie on your breast, in perfect rest,
And drink happiness from your eyes.

So strangely sad am I,
As I wander along to where
The daisies nod o'er a grassy sod,
And whisper, "You lie there."

So strangely sad am I,
As the sunlight kisses my face;
I want your arm to shield me from harm,
And nestle again in your fond embrace.

So strangely sad am I,
As I stand alone at the mound,
Where roses bloom around your tomb,
No trace of my love to be found.

So strangely sad am I
To realize you have parted from me,
Your form to mould in the ground so cold,
And I—oh, God! help me!

EXILE.

I.

A THROBBING heart,
For the soul to love
And ease its earthly smart.

Nearer, in their fragrant purity,
They nestle as the years roll away.
In their rich and firm security,
Binding closer day by day.

Beat, Heart, beat,
In thy sweet ecstasy.
Meet, Soul, meet,
As thee to thee.

II.

A fainting heart,
Fast dying now,
And from the soul to part.

Faintly, faintly, its pulses thrill,
As clinging to the soul for life;
A throbbing pain,—then all is still;
Broken in its struggling strife.

Die, Heart, die,
Thee lived awhile.
Sigh, Soul, sigh,
As into—exile.

A SAD MISTAKE.

HE.

WITHIN the mazes of that dance,
As I held you to my heart,
You stabbed me with your magic lance,
That caused Love's first smart.

The distant strain, so sad and sweet,
Came sighing through the air;
But, ah! upon your soft white cheek
A blush was mantled there.

I felt you tremble in my arms,
Your long lashes were cast down;
You too, dear, felt Love's charms;
You told me with your eyes of brown.

Some night, when the lights are low,
I will tell you my story sweet,
How your face was with love aglow
In the waltz that made our hearts to meet.

SHE.

How strange that at the dance to-night
The waltz should be the same
They played one snowy winter night!—
That dear, familiar strain.

It brought it back to me again,
When I waltzed in Jean's enfold,
Until it seemed just the same
As in that night past of old.

I felt the color mount my cheek
As the music came soft and low;
Then I heard another voice to me speak,
That brought me back from the long ago.

AFTER THE BALL.

A GIRLISH vision of loveliness,
She paused on the stair,
And bent her pretty face
'Mid the la France roses rare.

"Pink roses signify love,"
She gently, blushingly sighs;
"Ah, little fragrant blossoms,
To-night it was reflected in his eyes."

DE LANEY.

"Pleasant, lovable time to-night;
Little girl was awfully sweet.
Out ten dollars for la France roses—
Come, Jack, let us have a drink."

A VISION.

A TINY hand,
A tender face,
A dainty foot,
A slender waist.
A shapely head,
With golden hair,
Bright blue eyes,
And skin so fair.
A loving smile,
Teeth like pearls.
My heart is hers,
Dearest of girls.

Lips always ready with a kiss,
Places me in a world of bliss.
Cheeks so rosy, dear little chin,
So many have tried her to win.

Happiness passed away,
Dark and dreary is this day;
She loved me, was to be mine;
I might have known it was too divine.

A pale, cold face,
Dim blue eyes,
Curtains o'er them,
To ope' in the skies.
A white, still form,
Girlish and fair,
Ne'er to awaken
In this world of care.
Tiny hands folded,
Lay her at rest.
The head is pillowed
On her Saviour's breast.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

SHE was only seventeen,
With a face wonderfully fair;
A shining, golden sheen
Was her lovely, wavy hair.

The World's Fair we were talking of,
Monica's eyes shone bright;
I would rather talk of love
On such a delicious summer night.

But Monica stamped her foot
In her own peculiar way;
And Monica's face wore a look
That showed she would have her say.

Then this dainty little miss,
 Leaning on the arm of my chair,
Said with such a pretty lisp,
 "Where would you have the World's Fair?"

Tell me, was I then so bold?
 As I answered, "I'd have it near,"
And my arm around her stole:
 "Monica, love, I would have it here."

DRIFTING.

WHAT to us is sparkling wine,
If wasted and spilled at our feet?
What to us is warm sunshine,
If from a dark cloud must peep?

What is the flame and flash
Of the fire's brilliant ray
But a coal broken with a crash,—
Now ashes,—to fade away?

What is music's sweetest strain,
If followed by a false sound?
What in life is a man's gain
But a grass-covered mound?

What is a picture's beauty
 But a stroke from a painter's brush?
What is life but duty,
 With a heavy, weary crush?

What is the sound of the ocean
 But a loud, empty roar?
What is the bliss of emotion,
 If it dies for evermore?

Deeds of kindness scattered
 Blossom, bloom, and grow,
But all are firmly matted
 In the briers and thorns of woe.

The body, so joyous and gay,
 Is but a single breath;
To-morrow a form of clay,
 Claimed by the hand of Death.

THE STARS.

WRITTEN FOR A CHILD.

“TWINKLE, twinkle, little star;
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.”

Can it be the sky is rent and torn,
And the little stars, deeply set in blue,
Are the openings made by God
For the lights of heaven to shine through?

Or are they tiny jewelled barks
Upon a silvery, azure sea?
They look so frail to earthly eyes,
But will safely carry you or me.

Or can they the children be
Of the pale moon and rosy sun?
And gather round their mother,
Like our children, when the day is done?

They look so glorious and bright,
Shining far above our reach,
I wonder if they are crowns for angels?—
A sparkling one for each.

When a soul passes from this earth,
Does God drop another dot of gold
Upon that vast stretch of sky,
So that His love for us is again told?

They may be Paradise flowers,
The angels' fair forget-me-nots;
Our souls may be the keys to heaven,
The stars their mating locks.

They teach a sweet lesson in their glitter,
Shining there so pure and bright:
They have reached the highest standard,
Doing always, dearie, what is right.

IN MEMORIAM.

IF you are not happy with your lot,
And life seems dark and gray,
Could you leave the old life unforgot
For one more bright and gay?

Could you leave the mountains white,
The stars, the sun, the evening moon;
The grand old sea in its roar and might,
The flowers in their tender bloom?

The forest trees, the hills and meads,
Could you leave them all without regret?
Human spirits with their noble deeds,
Could you e'er them forget?

Would you leave the old life for a new,
Because in it you had suffered pain?
Would you leave it, say I, would you,
Without sorrow, remorse, and shame?

Life, that strange thing, is thine;
You must feel its joy and blast;
You must taste its sweet and bitter wine;
Clouds and shadows, remember, cannot last.

In your heart do you not cherish
In memory some dear, happy spot?
Will its joy ever, ever perish?
Will the old life e'er be forgot?

The old life with its many tears,
Though the next be fair and bright;
We will miss it through eternal years,
It will linger ever in our sight.

KISSES.

BABY can cry, but cannot talk ;
Baby can kick, but cannot walk ;
He can make a fist, but cannot fight ;
He can sleep all day, but not at night ;
He can creep on the floor
Just as far as the door ;
His dresses so white
Are black at night.
But this tiny child, so noisy and wild,
Can change a frown into a smile
With his soft kisses, kisses.

Bab can tell little white lies,
Bab can talk with her eyes ;
Bab can laugh, Bab can pout,
Bab can say "that she is out."

She can cook, she can paint,
She can love, she can hate;
Your heart she will own,
If, with her alone,
With her tender face and her girlish grace,
You fold her in your fond embrace
And give her kisses, kisses.

Seated in an old arm-chair,
With a head of silver hair,
Is the form I love so dear,
Who guided me through joy and fear.
My mother's face is growing white,
Mother's eyes have lost their sight;
Her heart is warm
In sunshine and storm.
In sorrow, in shame, in pleasure and pain,
Mother's love is just the same,
Mingled with her kisses, kisses.

Here in a narrow coffin bed
Rests a weary, aching head;

The form so cold, so icy cold,
Has been clasped in a last enfold.
Resting now so still and white,
All is over in life's fight.
A form once dear
Lies slumbering here :
With a clinging caress, he was claimed by Death.
My lips ne'er will feel his breath
Or his tender kisses, kisses.

THE END.

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